

Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Felons, Corns, Sties, Bunions, Bunions, Ulcers, Piles, Ulceri Salt Rheum, Cold Sores, Sore Eyes, Festers, Etc.

PRICE, 25 CTS.

BOUGHT THE GIRL HE LOVED. Strange Story of Purchased Immunity from Mails Vengeauce.

"Til tell you a story as strange as it Is tens if you will not use my name," said a guest of a St. Louis hotel, as he led a Globe-Democrat reporter into his spartments and carefully closed the door. "Some years ago I lived in a southern city-it does not matter what one. It was my good fortune to render valuable assistance to a beautiful Italian girl who had, for satisfactory reasons, run away from her home in New Orleans. She repaid my kindness by falling in love with me after the approved manner of heroines. Her reltives warned me that if I did not send her back home I was liable to find myself in a sadly disfigured state some stormy night, and on this gentle hint I noted. Sometime afterward her mother wrote me that the girl had destroyed herself, and added the cheerful news that her brothers blamed me for her rash deed and would see me later. I suspected that she had sought refuge in a suicide's grave from the infamous treatment of her relatives rather than from the pangs of pining love, but the tragedy moved me strangely and nearly dethroned my reason. While she was with me two attempts were made upon my life for no other crime than saving a young girl from the paths of infamy. Two of these interesting would-be aseassins were rounded up by the mob that stormed the parish prison, and I breathed easier, but not for long. When the mafia marks a man it never takes his name off the list. Sooner or later it gets him, sure. He goes none know where, or dies none know how. The only thing he can do is to comfort himself as best he may with Hamlet's philosophy and keep watch and ward. It is seldom that the made does its deadly work so badly as in poor Henmessy's case. It traps its victim or slips a knife into his back in some lonely byway. But the strangest part of my story is yet-to come. A month ago whe should walk in upon me but the girl I had for eighteen weary months mourned as dead. She had recovered from the self-inflicted wound, but had been kept close prisoner in her mother's house. She finally made her escape, and, penniless and friendless, started on her journey of seven hunsired miles to crave my protection. She had begged her way, walked and stolen rides on freights, slept in the woods with no covering but the sky, no sentinel but the stars. She reached me footsore, bedraggled, weary, but happy as the empress of the world. What did I do with her? I took her back to New Orleans, called her relatives about me and bought her and my own im-

## mark as a musician I miss my guess." OLD SWISS SUPERSTITIONS. For Many Centuries the Mountain Near

munity for an annuity of two hundred

dollars a year. I have placed the girl

The body of the Roman governor, after he had committed suicide at Rome in disgrace, was thrown first of all into the Tiber, but was afterward removed thence on account of the storm which raged round that river. It was next sent to Gaul, where, at Vlenna, it was consigned to the Rhone, says Good Words. Later on, having been once more transported—this time to the lake of Geneva-it was finally deposited in the little tarn on the side of the wellknown mountain near Lucerne, which to this hour bears his ill-omened name.

Even here the perturbed spirit broke

loose, dealing havor and destruction to the neighborhood, and, to total up this long roll of superstition, the wraith was one day encountered by a traveler. and an engagement was then and there entered into between them that the former was to give itself rest forever. with the stipulation that it might break loose from its prison house on one day in each year-Good Friday-when the spirit, clothed in the red robe of office; enceforward sat annually on a rock above the lake, and whoever saw it gied before the year had run out. The Lucerne magistracy prohibited all approach to the tarn, and in 1887 several adventurers were put into jail for dis-obedience of this order. Later, in 1518, permission was granted to four men of science to approach this accursed piece of water, and they then took the op portunity of ascending the mountain.

In 1555 Konrad Geener was allowed to elimb Pilatus with his friends, and from that year the grim spell which had for so long bounds the mountains was relaxed, and the Alps began to be acbounted gradually, as years rolled on. as that playground of Europe into which they have now so thoroughly dereloped, instead of being looked upon as the harbingers of evil and the strongholds of demous and wraiths.

From the German. A corporal ordered a green recruit to bring him a plate of soup. The latter

brought the soup, but so awkwardly that his thumb toughed the liquid. "Swinel" roared the corporal. "If ou want to wash yourself there is a orse trough, but you needn't wallow

n my soup."

The Other Fellow. Small Boy-Hurry up. dector! A fellow 'round the corner fired loose with

his fist and hit a book agent an awful lick on the check. Doctor-Where is the book agent?

"It sin't the book agent that-wants on. It's the fellow that hit him."-



Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A WINTER RESORT. Aren't you going south?" said the bluebird to "Winter's almost here, and we're clearing up

Not a seed is left on the geldenrod or yar-And I heard the farmer say: "It feels like I can recommend it, the piace to which we're

There's a rainy season, to be sure, but what Note bit of ice, and it never thinks of snow-And the fruit so plentiful one can't help

Yes, I've heard about it," to the bluebird said the sparrow:
"And it's quite the fashion to go traveling, I People who don't do it are locked upon as

Bless you! I don't care! And I'm not afraid When it comes the first time, I so enjoy my After that I'm used to it, and do not mind

One can fly about, and keep warm so in all I've a snuggery, teo, in the ivy on the wall.

When the seeds are gone-and they're not before December --I can still find spiders and files on sunny days; and I've all the levely summer to remem-

My old friends are here, and they know my little ways.
Just as soon as ever the ground is frozen

tightly,
All those nice kind creatures in the houses throw us crumbs.
One forgets it's winter, when the sun is shin-

ing brightly. I'm content to stay here, and take it as it -Margaret Vandegrift, in St. Nicholas.



dens of fragrance and slept in fortresses of security"; but, like all pleasure seekers, we were now weary of monotonous rounds of uneventful days, and former delights grew stale. Gentle Mrs. Gray and Miss Harland, the invalid whose thin, scarlet cheeks and bright eyes told too plainly the presence of the destroyer, the quiet rector and the somewhat pompous major, with his little blonde wife, made up our party.

"Some one tell us a story, please, cooed the pretty blonde, tossing aside 'Hero Worship." "Who ever knew a live hero?" She laughingly asked.

"L" promptly answered Mrs. Gray. "How delightfull Do tell us about

him; who was he?" "The only true heroism that ever came under my immediate notice," said the little woman, "was displayed by a here of ebon hue, a strong young Her cules, who, though rough and untaught, possessed a grand nature."

"Yes," assented the sentimental major. "Often among the humblest flowers we find the rarest odors."

"And," resumed Mrs. Grav. "among the busy workers, with hardened hands and toll-stained faces, we find great at school, and if she doesn't make her hearts During the late wer " she continued, "my father and brother were in the army, and, the overseer being drafted into service, my mother, my sisters and myself were compelled to leave our beautiful home in the city and go up the river to the plantation, to manage, as best we could, the affairs of that place. Our people were trustworthy and kind, so we had but little trouble. A few weeks after our arrival at the plantation our hearts were saddened by the death of a much-loved servant-Ruchel was her name; she had nursed my mother's older children, and we were all very much attached to ber. Rachel died suddenly, of heart trouble the physician said, and her little children were cared for by a good old granny. Albert, the husband of Ruchel, was a 'field hand,' and a re-

liable man." "Of what time do you speak?" "This was in the spring of 1864. The trans-Mississippi department was un-der the command of the confederate General E. Kirby Smith. The struggle east of the Mississippi river had drawn from us the chivalry of the great southwest; the sons of Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas were scattered diminished force composed of the fathers and husbands was left to meet the gathering for that threatened, with Gen. Steele at Little Rock, Ark, and Gen. Banks at Alexandria, La. conscript bureau had gleaned the fields. of the last of the 'bearded grain,' and nothing was left but the flowers that

"Then a new order came, and the men slaves were impressed and sent to the shops as laborers and teamsters in the various departments, to fill such places as they could, in order that for every slave so employed a soldier could burden of feeding and clothing the army devolved upon the women of the south. Cheerfully, and with untold sperifices, did they do their part. Our

scople did not escape the impressment our people?"" chirped the beauty from the hammock.

"We called our slaves 'our people." responded Mrs. Gray, with a smile. They were impressed into service and sent to Shreveport, La., to work. Among the men was one who had been married only a year; he objected to leaving his wife and baby. Jake was his name. While they were discussing the question among themselves, Albert presented himself to the dining-room door. 'Good mawnin', mistis,' he said, doffing his hat, 'an' 'skuse me fo' 'sturbin' yer brekfns, but I'se axin' a

favor dis mawnin'.' ""All right, Albert. What is it?"

asked my mother. "'Yer see, mistis, as how Jake is 'pressed along wid tudder niggers, an' Jake he got a likely wife as' mighty

"Albert besitated and scratched his

"'I know,' my mother said, sympathetically, 'I know all the circumstances, but am nowerless." " 'I ain't blamin' yer, mistis; de Lawd

knows I ain't er blaim' nobody; but I Raciata

drather go in Jake's place an let mim

stay wid hees wife an' boy.'
"'Why, Albert!' exclaimed my
mother. 'You can't mean it! How should I get along without you? Think of the number of women and children to be provided for; the men left behind are too old and the boys too young to be depended on.

'I'se recommembrin' all dat, mistis; but I knows what it is for a man an' wife to be sipperated. Oh, mistis! De days all lonesome and de nights a year long. Tain't no supshine for Albut nor nowher. Hit's all a dark shadder an' de moonshine don't nich tech Albut. No, mistis, hit's all trials an' tribberlashins. Limme go, please, mistis. Let Jake stay wid hees wife, pleaded the earnest voice, half-choked

"'Unk Albert,' called my little sister, going to his aide, 'would you really go away to save Jake from going?" 'Yes, honey,' he replied, his sorrowful eyes lighting up with a pleasant expression, as with his great black hand stroked her sunny curls. 'Yes, honey. Unk Albut ain't got nuffin' t' stay here fer Jake got hees wife. Honey, ax yer mudder t' let ole Albut

"'Use your own pleasure, Albert,' at last consented my mother. "'De Lawd bress mistis!" he cried, as

he hastened to the quarters. "De Lawd sabe mistis!" echoed Uncla Gabe, waving his hat as he leaned on his crutch. "They left us that afternoon, one

hundred tall, strong sons of Ham, of varying ages from twenty to forty-five "Albert," said my mother, "I must tell you before you go that in Shreve-

port men die at the rate of fifty a day. Often the death rate is greater. The fever is terrible." "She looked up into his face, hoping by this last appeal to discourage his

"'Kain' he'p it, mistis; I spec' hit's 'bout es nigh a route to Hebbin by Shrebepote as bit air by dis plan-Albut ain't keerin', mistle, tachim. kaze de big white gates up yander's wide open waitin' fer Albut; an' Lawd!

Rachel's er standin' jes' inside.' "'Boys" he cried, turning to the multitude assembled under the oaks on the lawn. 'Boys, mind mistis, an' do right an' be bidderble. Be hones', boys; don't go to cuttin' up no disregyardable capers an' pranks. Jes' whirl in an' up an' make de crap fer mistis. Nebber mind de cotton, but ten' de cawn; plow deep, boys, an' don't let de grass git de upper hand o' de erap.

"'Move on there! Move on, boys!" sommanded their leader. "Good-by, mistis. Far'well, chilcried Albert. 'Gawd bress

""Gawd bress mistis?" cried a chorus of a hundred voices as they marched away.

"In those turbulent times there were no established mail routes in our country; indeed, the receipt of a letter was quite an event. For two months we heard nothing of our men;



"DE DAYS ALL LONESOME."

then one ran away from Shreveport and came home more dead tham alive. Of the hundred who had gone from our plantation twenty-two haddied. Albert been detailed on hospital duty, and before another month had passed he, too, had given up the burden of Good, faithful Albert! he lives neither in song nor story, his was as grand a heroism as was ever recorded; his Rachel waited just within 'the big, white gates,' and waited not In vain," Mrs. Grav had 'tears in her voice" as she concluded her pathetic

"We brush the skirts of murtyrs and from Gettysburg to Vicksburg, and a tread the path with heroes, and are all unmindful; but God noteth all, and will reward as surely as the day followeth the dark night," reverently spoke the white-haired rector, as we sat silent and thoughtful.

"And it's just as near Heaven by way of Silvandale as home," murmured the invalid folding her light wrap closer a sick man on our hands. You need grew between, -the boys too young about her. -Mrs. C. C. Scott, in Romance.

-Angry Citizen-"But this bill for January is more than twice as big as it was for the month before, and my flat was closed nearly the whole month of January. I was on a visit out west." be relieved, and go to the front. The Gas Company's Cashier (yawning) -"Yes, traveling is always pretty expensive. Ten dollars and thirty-five cents,

-Her Kinsh in -Bellows-"Is she your daughter?" Fellows-"She is my Excuse me, but whom de you mean grand daughter." "Your grand daughter?" "Yes, my proud and haughty daughter."-Yankee Blade.

He Didn't Win. Willis - What makes you so blue,

Wallace-Why shouldn't I be blue? got your blankets?" A fellow offered one hundred dollars for a case of catarrh he couldn't cure, and I let him try his hand on me.

"'Well,' he said, propping himself "Well, what of it?" up and looking at me with his dark "Why, he cured me, confound it."eyes. 'I'm glad I stumbled into your Brooklyn Life. camp. I was about gone.' A faint smile passed screes his lips.

Couldn't Affect Him.

Bright-She's a man-hater. Cholly-Aw-er-is that so? I'm snape, I said, encouragingly, but I did sorry to heah it, for I was going to twy not believe what I said. o make up to her, dontcherknow. B .- O, well, you're all right. The fact that she's a man-hater doesn't bar you from her favor .- N. Y. Herald.

A Request Engratified. Kitty-If I should marry you, Frank, on must give up your practice as a phy- quietly.

Frank-That would be impossible. Kitty-Why so? Frank-I never had any .- Des Moines

"Six days,' he repeated, calmir. started with my pack-grub. I think I've been walking eversince,' he added, dreamily. 'I can't remember much about it.

DON'T think," be

said, whenhe real-

ly began to tell

New York Trib-

une, "that any

one who has not

bis story, says the

seen men suffer can understand what

they are capable of. I have seen men

on a long ride seroes the desert, when

they never opened their mouths to

make a complaint, though their eyes

were sunken, their lips drawn into a

ghastly expression, and their faces of

the color of the alkali around on the

cattle and dogs. You must be brutal

with them to make them understand

that year with a rush. Our cattle be

them. We lost our bronches, but it

no use to us. A man could not ride ten

feet from camp. When it did not snow

a driving sleet flow on a gale and cut a

man's face in ribbons. The dogs could

not sleep at night, it was so cold, and

often when the freezing air wakened

me I saw some poor fellow in the room

erouched down in his blankets, holding

his teeth together to keep from shout-

'It got along toward spring and we

were as helpless as ever, for the snow

began to soften in the day, hardening

with the chill of night, and anyone

who ventured into it was inviting a

sure death in what was worse than

a quicksand. Provisions had run low

and we had all been hungry for a long

out of their faces, and through their

skins, and at times there was a strange

light in their eyes. But I never saw a

braver set of men-and they were a

would be better than fighting it out

"One day, when at last we began to

see light ahead, something came stag-

gering into our cabin and fell across

the floor near the stove. We picked it

up and turned it over to look at it. It

lips and delicate nostrils. The man

couldn't have weighed a hundred

pounds, he was so wasted. We chafed

him, tried to get something warm into

him and then rolled him up in warm

blankets. I was sitting by the stove

looking at his white face at midnight.

The room was warm that night, and

the stove door was open so that the

light fell on the starved sleeper, but I

would not shut off the light, for I

wanted to look at his face. It was a

face such as I had never before seen on

the plains. It must have been oval and

handsome before suffering and cold

had drawn it out to thinness. His dark

lashes were long, and they lay far

down on his cheek, darker than the

terrible circle under his eyes. He was

was gazing at him in pity when his

eves opened slowly, with a dark light

"'What time is it?' he asked, with a

"'It's after midnight,' I answered,

"'Have you any whisky that you can

"'No; haven't had a drop in days," I

"'I'm sorry,' he answered, 'I think it

among his blankets, giving a start as

"When did I get here?" he saked,

"'To-day,' I said. 'You are wel-

"'Good!' he said, in answer to my

first sentence. 'I was afraid I had been

sick on your hands-that I had lost

"No, you have only been here about

twelve hours, I replied. 'Better go to sleep. You look as if you needed it.

You have had a worse time than we

be said, in a tone of decision.

"No. I am not going to sleep again,"

sleep before you can eat-what we can

morrow, he said, smiling confidently.

use to try. You'll be a dead man if

you do, before to-morrow night."

"T've got to get away from here to-

"You can't do it,' I said. 'It is no

"Oh, I am going,' he answered,

"Try to get a little more aleep,

'I can't.' he answered, fretfully.

feigning sleep. At last he drew him-

"'I can't do it.' he said, feverishly.

asked, trying to be cheerful 'Have I

them. I can sleep in the daytime. It's

"We will pull you around in good

scmething strangely unreal about his

fully. This warmth is good after what

I have bud. I'll get a good start in the

" 'We'll talk about that later,' I said,

"But I am going,' he replied, quick-

'I have been at it siz days,' he said,

I am all right now, he said, cheer-

brightness and clearness of mind.

ly, with a little ring in his voice.

I did not answer him.

self up with a jerk.

about all I have to do."

morning."

looking at ma.

'You'd better,' I said, 'we will have

in them, and looked at me.

soothingly. 'Go to sleep again.'

faint smile.

eagerly.

time.

linve.

give you.

give me?' he asked.

he looked around him.

was a man with a beardless face, thin

'We've just got to stand it till it's

The men's bones began to stick

ing out a terrible oath.

rough lot, too.

to the end.

is nothing else to do.

"We talked till morning. He told me what he was trying to do. He and his brother had been raising cattle. They had got caught in a very bad condition. His brother had fallen sick when they began to suffer from the terrible weather. He had been stark, staring mad most of the time for the last six weeks. In his fever he had mouned and cried about getting a letter sent east. In his lucid intervals he had begged his brother pitcously to write one for him and get it to the railroad. It was the same old story-a

"And I am carrying the letter to the railroad now,' he said, with a little smile of satisfaction. 'He is tortured with the thought that she will be worried about him. So I have fied in the letter and said that his right arm is broken so that he cannot write and he has dictated it to me.' He smiled

plain. That is because men can get used to it. It's different with horses, "it's selfish enough of him, I said, savagely, looking at the boy's wasted form and white face, 'to sacrifice you, no matter how much he loves her.

that they must go on. But when you "'Oh, he doesn't know,' he answered, are in desperate straits you will follow quickly, and his eye flashed warningly the man who leads, without a groun 'He doesn't know how bad it is. or a murmur, because you know there He's been in the bunk ever since it began. He doesn't know,' he added, his "But what I started out to do was to chin sinking on his chest and his eves give you one case in point. We were closing to hide the pain, 'that we have out in Colorado in those days raising cattle. Winter came down upon us lost every hoof and that we are beg-

"He lifted his face again, his bright gan to die and we could do nothing for smile returning. 'It will be time enough to tell him made little difference, for they were of when he gets well,' he said.

"Will you believe me that I let that boy go away the next day without further protest? I knew it would do no good. He had told me in the night in very calm voice, but with a light in his eyes which convinced me that he would shoot any man who tried to stop him. So we gave him the best that we had of our provisions, and watched him go struggling through the snow with heavy hearts. He had not made more than a hundred yards in half an hour, but then he turned to wave his hand at us. I knew he would never reach the railroad alive.

"There was no time for sentiment that spring. We were wrecked bodily and financially when we were able to get relief to our eamp. We moved further away from the railroad, as a cat tle owner came along and gave us work, carrying us off to what was left of his herds.

"But two years later I reached a sta tion on the railroad, sick of the plains over,' was what every one said, when and bound for home. A young man in it did seem as if a bullet in the brain overalls was rolling some barrels along the platform, and I thought just as a venture I would ask him if a dead man having a letter addressed to a woman had been found near the rail road in the spring after that terrible



more like a woman than a man, and I SOMETHING CAME STAGGERING INTO OUR CABIN.

> winter. When I went up to him he was just taking off his hat to dry with his handkerchief his dripping brow. He was a fine-looking, sturdy young man with curling dark hair and a fresh color in his smooth cheek. "'Excuse me.' I said-and then I

gave a lond shout; I couldn't help it, for though I never should have known the man, there was no mistaking that would do me good.' Then he sat up aprilie.

"I got through, you see,' he said, I was sick for squeezing my hand. awhile, but not until I had seen that letter in a postal ear. I got Willthat's my brother, you know,' he added, modestly-'down here where we could nurse him, and I went to work for the road, for we hadn't a dollar left in the world, and he laughed light-heartedly. Then I sent him home, where a woman got him well again. He's working for the road in Denver now, and next spring we are going into partnership again in the cattle business, as we have about saved enough to make another start. By the way, he said, pulling out a bit of pencil and scribbling off a note on a piece of paper, 'call on him when you get to Denver. You'll like him. He's the finest fellow in the world, and his wife-she's an angel,' he added, with that wonderful smile of his.

"'Great Cossar!" I said to myself, 'what a world this is!" "I never saw my friend again."-Chicago News Record.

-"I beg your pardon," exclaimed a fair young lady as she stumbled over then,' I urged coaxingly, pretending to the feet of a susceptible young man in a trolley ear and fell into his lap. "You're perfectly welcome," was the "I begged him to try, and he turned over in his blankets. He tossed for gentleman's meek and blushing reply. N. Y. World. awhile. Then he attempted to be still,

Waning of the Heneymoen. She-It is right here that I accepted Why don't you sleep yourself,' he you, John. Had you torgotten? He-My dear, there are some things I can neither forget nor forgive.-Black "Yes,' I said, 'but I don't want

and White.

There He Blows. Billy Sayso-Do you know, Miss Anglo thinks Sum Bragg very English? Charlie Wag-I know it. When he blows she takes him for the prince of whales-Judge.

Popular Opinion. "What do you think of the present There was method of celebrating Christmas?" "I think some method without the presents would be far more satisfactory."-Puck

ORFLISK MOVERS OF OLD. Means by Which the Egyptians Trans

ported Great Stones The obelisks of the Pharachs are made of red granite called syemite, says the writer of "Cleopatra's Needle." In the ounrries at Syene may yet be seen an unfinished obelisk, still adhering to the native rock, with traces of workmen's tools so clearly seen on its surface that one might suppose they had been suddenly called away and intended soon to return and finish their work.

This unfinished obelisk shows the mode in which the ancients separated these immense mopoliths from the native rock. In a sharply cut groove marking the boundary of the stone are holes evidently designed for wooden wedges, says the Chicago Herald.

After these had been firmly driven into the holes the groove was illied with water. The wedges, gradually absorbing the water, swelled and eracked the granite throughout the length of the groove. The block, once detached from the rock, was pushed forward upon rollers made of the stems of palm trees from the quarries to the edge of the Nile, where it was surrounded by a large timber raft. It lay by the river side until the first inundation of the Nie, when the rising water floated the raft and conveyed the obelisk down the stream to the city where it was to be

Thousands of willing hands pushed it on rollers up an inclined plane to the front of the temple where it was designed to stand. The pedestal had previously been placed in position, and a firm causeway of sand covered with planks led to the top of it. Then, by means of rollers, levers and ropes made of the date palm, the obelisk was grad-

ually hoisted into an upright position. It speaks much for the mechanical accuracy of the Egyptian masons that, so true was the level of the top of the base and the bottom of the long shaft, in no single instance has the obelisk been found to be out of the true per pendicular.

He Knew the Porter. A gentleman went out of his house at eleven p. m. He was accompanied by a friend. Having closed the door behind him, he pulled the bell handle and

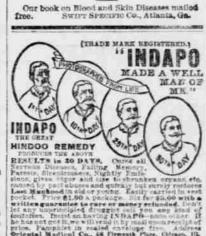
walked away. "What is that for?" inquired his friend.

"I know too well the habits of my porter. It takes him a full hour to make up his mind to come and open the door; that is why I have rung now against I come back."-La Tribuna di

## IN CHILDREN

For over two years my little girl's life was made miserable by a case of Catarrh. The discharge from the nose was large, constant and very offensive. Her eyes became inflamed, the lids swollen and very painful. After trying various remedies, I gave her The first bot-tle seemed to approvate the disease, but the symptoms soon abated, and in a short time she was cured.

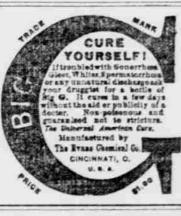
Dr. L. B. RITCHEY, Mackey, Ind.

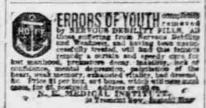


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"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY

TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

for the many years he has been in jail he has made and mended the clothing of hundreds of prisoners. Rothwell came from a wealthy family in Eugland, and was well educated. When first known in Dedhum he was arrested by Officer George E. Morse for drunken ness. While serving scatence at the tail he showed uptness as a tailor, although never before having had experience at the trade. After serving his entence he was given some money the sheriff or official in charge of the jall and he left town. He remained way but a few days, however. Upon his return he went to Officer Morse and requested that a charge be made against m either of drunkenness or vagrancy.

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HIS CHOSEN HOME.

A Levelora Man Who Has Lived in Jail

Twenty-Three Years.

Decham, Mass, juil twenty-three years.

Rothwell is sixty-eight years old, and

William Rothwell has been in the

00000000

three years. Although age bears its mark, his constenance shows refinement. He has become very deaf. He can be seen by any visitors in the guard-room of the jail seated upon his bench plying his needle through the garments worn by the prisoners. He has a brother, a wealthy merchant in New York city, who recently visited him. He has been repeatedly entreated by his relatives, not only in New York, but in Lonenshire, England, to leave his prison bome and live with them, but he "I am contented in the home that I chose twenty-three years are and I shall not leave it so long as I can remain there, either by hospitality or

A charge was made, he pleaded guilty

and he was returned to jail, and the

Boston Herald says Rothwell has con-

tinued this course for the past twenty-

legal sentences by the courts." Rothwell's life has a romance. When a young man at college he fell in love with a wealthy young English lady. She accented his attention as a sultor. Money he had in plenty, and being young, spirited, and kind of heart, had many been companions. He begun to drink, and the young woman discarded him. He then left his nazive hard and went to Australia. For several years none of his relatives knew where he was, until twenty-three years ago he sent a letter to his mother in Engand, telling her where he was. He has the freedom of the jall at Dedham, and the guard-room would be lonesome to the officers without his presence.

Fishing and Religion.

Parson-I have heard, Mr. Pettijohn, that you would like to attend my church, but cannot afford to pay any thing for a pow?

Pettijohn-Yes, sir; my expenses are large and my income is small. Parson-But your wife tells me that

it costs you a dollar and a half to go fishing every Sunday. Pettijohn-Well, that's all she knows bout it. It costs me at least two dol-

The Day the Ghost Walks.

She (gushingly)-There are days when we seem more in unison with nature than at other times; when our hearts seem to best in accord with the sublime harmony of the universe. Have you never poticed? He-Indeed I have. It is always that

M. W. LEVY. Pres. A. W. OLIVER, V. Pres

STATEMENT

## Of the Condition of the Wichita National Bank

Made to the Comptroller of Currency at the Cluse of lineaucis, Sept 30th, 1892.

BESOURCES.

Capital . . . . . . . . . . \$250,000.00

Surplus ..... 50,000.00

Loans and Disconts . \$609,032,59 Bonds and Stocks. . . 86,532,22 U. S. Bonds ..... 50,000.00 Real Estate..... 65,000.00 Due from U. S. .... 2,250,00

\$997,858,96 LIABILITIES.

Undivided Profits... 2,381.19 Circulation .... 45,000:00 Deposits . . . . . . . . 649,972.77

L.D. SEINNER.

\$997,858.96 Correct, C. A. WALKER Cashr.

B. Lownand, Jr. J. P. ALLES, Vice Prosident,

State National Bank. OF WICHITA, KAN.

DIRECTORS:

John B. Carey, W. F. Green, J. P. Allen., Allen, P. V. Heniy, B. Lombard, Jr., Fat-

John Bavidson, Foincer Lumbermen

of Sedgwick County.

ISTABLISHED :: IN::: 1870 complete Sinck of Pine Lumber Ehingies, Lata, Pours, Santa, etc., always on hand,

Office and yards on Mesley are bd

tween Debplas ave. and First at. as brusch yards at Union City. Okla homa City, El Reno and Mines, Okla